

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 18
Number 2 *Horizons*

Article 21

Spring 5-1-1998

Pirate Dreams

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Recommended Citation

Gockman, Robert L. (1998) "Pirate Dreams," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 18 : No. 2 , Article 21.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol18/iss2/21>

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PIRATE DREAMS

A farmer's life is what I lead
but dreams have I of daring deed.
I'm bold and brash and short of cash;
a pirate with a black mustache.

My Captain was a churlish chum,
he chewed snuff and bubble gum.
He spit and spat and that was that,
his chaw could nearly drown a rat.

The mates were just as bad as he
and played their games while using me.
A hockey puck, I had no luck.
From wooden oars I learned to duck.

We sailed to England, sailed to France.
In Spain the crew taught me to dance.
I did a rare flamenco there
with heels ablaze and flaming hair.

When I awoke — sweet bye and bye,
I fell from bed and bruised my eye.
To make it worse I had the curse
Of eating crow and speaking verse.

I'll dream no dreams of Istanbul.
To dream this dream made me a fool,
I'll pick no fights while dressed in tights
instead I'll snore away my nights.

I'll not go back to bed just now.
My head is sore and black my brow.
I'll sit and vent and be content
to milk my cow and pay my rent.

— *Robert L. Gockman*